

SIGN POSTS TO SUCCESS.

By Herbert Kaufman

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How Many Years Do You Belong in Jail?

Defection and detection are two separate propositions.

If we get down to cases and try to define the criminal we must acknowledge that he is the man who is **KNOWN** to be wrong.

But you realize that the jail wall does not divide the right from the wrong.

If crime were a self-manifesting disease, like the measles or smallpox, how many years would you have served in prison?

Review your life and carefully tally your violations of the law.

There is at least a glass window in every man's house, so don't be so ready to throw a stone at the luckless wight who was caught.

He may be occupying the cell to which you might have been assigned.

We are changing our minds about a great many things, including jailbirds.

Recent experiments have demonstrated that in most cases he is a different sort of bird altogether: usually a reckless, impulsive individual who did not at all mean to be bad, and who, given a chance to fulfill his duty to himself and society, would turn out as competent and reliable as yourself.

And it's by no means ridiculous to assume that he might serve us a bit more zealously because he knows the cost of error; whereas you, relying upon your past luck, are likely at any moment to overstep the bounds and trade places with him.

Give him a chance. He'd rather take it than take something that's not worth as much and which the cold shoulder of

friends and the refusal of employment may lead him to appropriate in resentment against his ostracism and through lack of confidence in his ability to regain his footing.

It's cheaper to let him support himself than to pay taxes for penitentiaries and a bigger police force.

Put it on that basis if there's no charity in you. Figure it out in dollars and cents and common sense.

Predestination to crime is an exploded theory. Of course, the offspring of diseased, weak-brained men and women are more susceptible to temptation and less likely to reason clearly than the children of educated, sound, and intelligent parents. But, if there is a natural class of criminals, all the more reason why allowance should be made for their congenital defects. Treat them for their illnesses, and, if they are misfits, consider them as irresponsible patients.

As for the others, isn't it a finer thing, and won't it average better for the good of us all, if we can by restoration to opportunity utilize thousands of competent men who generally average as high in morality as the rest of their fellows, and render them thereafter self-sufficient and decent members of the community?

When the law has stripped the striped coat from a man's back he has paid the price in full. It is not fair for YOU to put it on him again until he has legally earned it.

Besides, there is a sentence of your own which Judge Conscience inflicted, and which has not been served.

All of us live in GLASS HOUSES.

"Masculinism and Skirts for the Men of Paris," Says French Leader of Advanced Dressers

Gorgeous Clothes Ahead, for It Is Predicted That Men of the Future Will Wear All the Frills Now So Popular With Women. Sterling Heilig Interviews Leader in Movement, Who Says Men Will Begin by Wearing Greek Coiffures and Tortoise Shell Combs.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, May 12, 1914.

CHOICES are heard of the great and coming revolution in men's dress. Skirts are ahead, brethren. We are going to wear frills and folderols and be delicate and sensitive and capricious and the women will wait on us. It is masculinism, and it results from feminism.

"Feminism," says the young and brilliant Henri V. G. de Boyde, "is the social vindication of women, who claim the right to do everything that men have been doing. There are woman doctors,



"I HAVE WONDERFUL IDEAS FOR SKIRTS—REALLY MASCULINE!"

lawyers, astronomers, mayors and policemen. They are right—especially in dress. "Observe the hen," says Henri in his lectures to fashionable youth. "Men have been dressing and working like hens, and women have been loafing and dressing like roosters. Women's good sense wants to transpose things back. That's feminism."

The advanced dressers of Paris have proclaimed masculinism. They claim to have affiliations all over the world. At the propitious moment it will burst forth. You might imagine them to be all young men. They are not. Baldheads and gray whiskers rally in mass. And if Henri V.

G. de Boyde represents youth's intuitions, how significant is the adhesion of a Ferdinand de Hogue-Lamperle and his phalanx of gorgeous olderists. "Let us do some good before we go," says Ferdinand.

"Masculinism," he says, "is the right of men to dress and act like all the other males of creation—like men always did act and dress. The peacock, the lion and the tunny-fish are gorgeous, and they will be very becoming. Those of us who are bald will wear wigs of green, pink or blue and lady barbers will curl them for us. Sack suits will no longer hide our charms. The actual feminine styles will look better on us. Our robust physique will set off the fragile Persian creases which look so ridiculous on women. For one thing, it will be more decent."

Men will cease to freeze in fifteen-dollar overcoats. We shall be covered with the skins of beasts, of skunks, astrakans, blue foxes and seals. No more sweating in airtight chevrons and starched collars. We are to have light mouselines—yes, my dear—and zephyrs and soundings!

And we shall get up at noon. All indigestible dishes will be forbidden; we shall need a fine cuisine, light, exquisite. Naturally, at table, the best pieces will be for us, the breast of pheasant, the second joint. The ladies will eat the carcasses. We shall be served first, and pass the dish to them with the debris we used to eat.

Of course, we won't work. As our sweethearts and wives are doctors and lawyers and contractors and policemen, we will just let them go ahead. They will bring us copious emoluments. I shall have jewels, pearl necklaces, diamond bracelets and earrings. The ladies will be content with a plain gold ring and seal.

Well bred women will show us the greatest attentions. In tram and subway they will leave us the good corners and rise for us when necessary. The afflicting spectacle of a poor, delicate man obliged to hang on to a strap will no longer offend the view. There will always be some gallant woman to find a place for us. In the auto we shall sink back voluptuously on the soft cushions of the back seat.

We shall make afternoon calls and chatter delightful foolishness. We shall gossip about the toilet of President Wilson at the opera, and the hat of Champ Clark at the races.

We shall pass entire days in the department stores, and enjoy the rare delight of buying a lot of useless things without paying for them ourselves.

And we won't bother any more with politics, but shall go to fathers' meetings, and discuss eugenics and Maeterlinck and read the magazines.

Women will have exquisite endearments for us. They will take us in their arms, like little loves. They will call us "Honey" and "Treasure," and in the midst of their enthusiasms we'll say, coldly: "Look out, you are musing my hair!"

All this is perfectly understandable. It is in conformity with sense, taste, morals, the history of the brute creation and the evolution of man.

But who will begin it? Why, the baldheads! In Paris alone, it seems that there are 1,432 wealthy, influential and well preserved baldheaded or gray-whiskered men of fashion, who are ready to come out in the Persian tunics of silk brocade which are becoming to them in their homes. They are getting the hang of them. The eyes of their young wives and fiancées are gladdened by the sight.

They are many robes, not dressing gowns. Chosen patterns of flowered brocades run from \$80 to \$200 each; but when the bald-head designs the pattern himself, and the loom is broken up, the cost is quadrupled. Women never thought of this. Words cannot describe the beauty of these robes. On a dark morning one may choose a bright crimson. In soft, warm weather, the advanced dresser may rather put on pink with orange facings, while cold, snappy mornings are best matched with a bright blue or pearl with grass-green facings. Green and cream go splendidly together also. In a word, these grandiose tunics impart to a middle-aged man, with whiskers or without, such serenity of soul and such esthetic exaltation that it is a natural temptation to stay in them all day.

"I shall not hesitate to ride out in the automobile with my purple and gold," Ferdinand de Hogue-Lamperle is credited with saying. "It's only a question of concerted action. We must all ride out the same day."

They are attached to their robes already. Often coming in of an afternoon, all wet and chilly, Ferdinand will slip into his robe again till dinner time. The sweet-scented fire of olive wood flames in the grate. The lamps are lit. The ladies

gravely discuss politics and sport, while he eats bonbons. In a black silk brocade with golden threads, or in a purple shot with crimson, man, lord of creation, well groomed again at last, sprawls, while they admire the play of light and shadow on his virile outlines!

"Can we trust those old fellows?" I asked.

Henri V. G. de Boyde smiled indulgently.

"They are game," he said. "They will ride out in their robes to a man, and their example will be magnificent; but alone they are not sufficient."

He lowered his voice.

"There is a scheme," he said, "a secret, a conspiracy, a conjuration, a horse of Troy! All the advanced dressers are in it. The rank and file of men will be led by easy stages."

I was astonished by the extent of the affiliation when he cited to me the American National Association of Merchant Tailors, at whose recent congress, the reporter of the committee on fashions said, in guarded but significant language:

"Hereafter, let us banish the word conservative. Let us not mince matters. We must innovate sensationally. What an abyss there is between the wardrobe of today and that of Solomon in all his glory!"

Solomon wore skirts! I burned to know the conspiracy.

"What is your horse of Troy?" I asked.

"Why, indeed?" said Henri V. G. de Boyde. "Pants have been the bane of our sex. They are a badge of slavery. We have been 'it' ever since we put them on. We shall never get our proper place back in the world so long as men wear pants. Pants, at this moment, are good for just one thing—to lead to something higher. Crease 'em down the sides!"

There you have it.

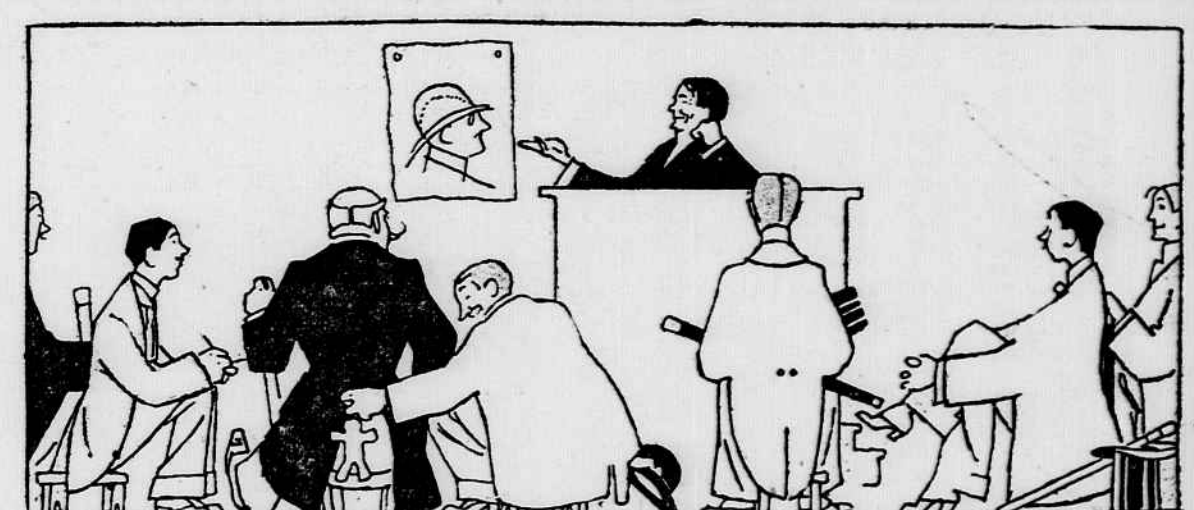
The conspiracy! At a given moment in the coming autumn all the advanced dressers and all the exclusive tailors of France, England and America will begin creasing pants down the sides.

The ostensible motive is exclusiveness.

Men who cling to their trousers as old friends find a precious means of rejuvenating them in the front crease.

"But what of those whose pants never bag at the knees?" asks Henri. "Thus we persuade timid men of fashion. Their pants never bag. There ought to be a means of showing it to the world. It is strange that no one ever thought of the side crease before. This is what we tell them. It is a perfect demonstrator of purity of line. It is a complete unmasker of incipient bagginess. Side creasing is a fashion that must, from its nature, remain exclusive. No trousers will stand the side crease when they have been worn more than six times. Like the shirt, with its cuffs and collar attached, the side crease means continued renewing. To have the side crease means that you have 'panted' to burn."

"It's not true," he whispered. "When the common, vulgar man in the street side-creases his pants, he will only need to widen them and make knee bagging disappear by magic! We tempt them to widen 'em. We lead him by the hand. Think of it, George, no more knee bagging! Do women's skirts bag at the knees? Behold the conspiracy! Side-creased pants are the first step to skirts!"



"ISN'T IT RIDICULOUS?" SAYS HENRI. "MEN HAVE BEEN DRESSING LIKE HENS AND WOMEN LIKE ROOSTERS!"

To understand why pants are to be year 1540," says Henri. "Four centuries ago, down the sides, it is sufficient to examine the reason of the front crease. line periods of Greece, Rome and the It cannot be denied. Its fundamental object has even been to dissimulate that were men, the dignity and beauty of bagginess that will come to the knees. skirts were theirs, all embroidered and

ing a large opening above, through which a gray silk waistcoat will be advantageously displayed. The trousers will be of black velvet, moderately wide and side creased, to habituate the eye. But when Monsieur D— is not dining with his aunts, but with one or more of the many duchesses of his acquaintance, he will appear in the splendors of a dress frock of black broadcloth silk and a divided skirt of the same material, side-creased to resemble pants."

"Do you perceive the quaint illusion?" Then, some evening, the "divide" will be quietly dropped!

Ho, for skirts!

STERLING HEILIG.

Knew His "Boys."

THERE are times when the so-called "red tape" of the army gives way under the stress of circumstances. At the battle of Chickamauga Gen. Willich, who was commanding a brigade, incurred the displeasure of Gen. Rosecrans, the commanding general, by some very slight omission. Gen. Willich was sent for and informed by the general commanding that he must consider himself under arrest for the present.

"You may leave your sword here," added Rosecrans, "until your case is tried."

"Yes, general, I will consider myself under arrest," was the reply, "and just as soon as this engagement is over, I'll come and fix up the matter."

"But, sir," said the astounded Rosecrans, "I want you to consider yourself under arrest now!"

"Of course I do," responded Willich, promptly, "and just as soon as this fight is over, I'll see that the matter is arranged."

"But, sir," expostulated the commanding general, "I can't let you go into this fight. You are under arrest. I will assign an officer to your brigade."

"You send an officer to command my boys?" cried Willich, indignantly. "He can't command them! They don't know him! My boys belong to me; yes, me, Gen. Willich! I command the brigade, and I must fight this battle!"

Gen. Rosecrans gave it up. Gen. Willich was requested to return "and fight his boys, which he did most successfully. And that was the end of the matter.

Kindly Humor.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S humor is always kindly, and to a Chicago lady who congratulated him on its kindness he said with a smile the other day:

"I have found from personal experience, ma'am, that jokes where you see the point are funnier than those where you feel it."